

THE LOUISIANIAN.

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W. G. BROWN, Editor.

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ed him to the core of his man's heart. He scarcely knew how she had touched him, he only knew that he was touched in spite of himself. No effort of hers had done it, no trifling grace of manner had ever been assumed for him, and yet he was as completely entangled as any of the men she smiled upon, and softened her subtle voice to.

Perhaps dashing Fred Dacre was the true cause of the awakening, for, being a susceptible young fellow, he stood the first on the list of Cecil's admirers; and as it was a cherished scheme of Laura's that her brother should be successful, it came about that when there were cream-colored notes & bouquets, or bouquets & cream-colored notes, Fred usually came up the road on his handsome brown horse, and played messenger. Fred, indeed, was only one of the many who followed her, and praised her; but it seemed as though she favored him more than the rest.

This was hard for John Manners. The contrast between the face that met Fred Dacre and the face that met him, was too great for a man's pride to bear, and as he was but a man, after all, his pride stung him to rebellion.

It was after one of Fred Dacre's numerous visits that this occurred. There was going to be a ball at the Dacres, to celebrate Frederick's coming of age, and as Laura was deeply interested in the decorations, of course she relied upon Cecil for assistance; and so the brown horse had galloped to the Manners' with a note full of eager questions. But the visit was ended at last, and the slim, cream-tinted envelope, which contained the answer, was being carried back in close proximity to Frederick's heart, otherwise in his vest pocket; and Miss Dacre came back to her evergreens with the shadow of a smile on her red-lipped mouth, brought there, perhaps, by her admirer's adieu.

She looked very girlish and charming with the soft, scarlet shawl trailing from her graceful shoulders over her gray robe, and contrasting so artistically with her heavy brown hair and wood-rose tinted skin; but when she bent over Cupidon, who lay curled up on the lounge, and began to touch him with her careless white hand, that John, who had been pacing the room restlessly, turned upon her as if she had done him an injury.

"Do you know you are very cruel to me?" he said, abruptly, in a voice that was strangely excited and unsteady for so grave and self-possessed a gentleman. "Do you know you are making me wretched?"

She actually did not raise her eyes, and the careless white hand caressed Cupidon as steadily as ever; but if John had been near enough he might have seen a suspicion of startled deepening in the wood-rose tint.

"No," she said, coolly. That was all. He came to her side, and looked down at her with a sudden passion in his face. "You understand me," he said. "You must understand me! This is too hard to bear!"

She did not raise her eyes yet, and how utterly careless her lovely face was!

"This," she echoed, "What?"

"I say you must understand me," he repeated, passionately. "Indifferent as you are, you cannot but see that I am wretched—that you make me wretched—that I love you in spite of your indifference—a spite of myself."

She looked up then, and the shadow of a smile changed into the shadow of something which might have been triumph. Was it triumph? He had not time to decide, for she looked down again the next moment, and the white hand touched her favorite's neck with a

pretty gesture, which stung him bitterly in its contract to her silence.

"What have I done to deserve your contempt?" he said. "If this is womanly pique, it is ungenerous; if I have wronged you in any word or deed, give me the chance to redeem myself in your eyes."

"There is nothing to redeem," she said. "I was frank with you at the first, and I thought we understood each other."

He flushed scarlet with a man's hot indignation at her coldness. If he could have moved her to the faintest shadow of an emotion at his words he could have borne it better; but as it was, he could only lose control over himself, and speak as another man would have spoken with something of galled pride and something of pain.

She listened to him quietly enough until he had finished, and then she rose with as unmovable a face as she had ever worn in her life.

"I cannot pretend I do not understand you," she said, scarcely glancing at him. "I do understand you. If you love me as you say you do, you love me in the face of reason. I have given you no encouragement, and I spoke honestly to you the first day we met. I determined I would not be to blame, and I have not been to blame. If I have wronged you by any word or deed which deceived you, tell me of it and give me the chance to redeem myself."

She raised her face and looked at him as she said this, and then he understood her, for the shadow of triumph was a shadow no longer, it was triumph itself—a triumph ungenerous enough, heaven knows; but, alas for poor human nature! natural enough, too, and his recognition of it stung him to the quick.

The sting of her cool immobility made him as steady as she was herself. It rounded his pride. He took one step nearer to her, and met her gaze steadily for a moment.

"Do I understand you?" he asked of her.

She merely bent her head.

"Thank you," he said, concisely. "I have been very foolish, it appears, but I am still a man, and man enough to bear even this, I think." And then he turned on his heel and walked out of the room.

They drifted a little further apart after this, and though her host's manner did not change in its stately courtesy, it is possible that Miss Dacre grew a little restless. Perhaps the consciousness that her triumph had not been so complete, after all, and was not a very noble one, troubled her slightly; for, to Miss Anne's surprise, she began to speak of returning to New York, and inquired more frequently and anxiously about the business letters which came now and then from her lawyer, and which were to announce the final "settling" of her affairs. But all things must reach a climax, all love stories, more especially; and so in this case the story reached its climax, and it was one of these unpretending legal letters which gave it the final turn.

It was handed to her one morning, as she was drawing on her gloves, preparatory to driving over to the Dacres with Frederick, who was waiting for her. With a slight apology she opened and read it.

"I am to return to New York next week, cousin Anne," she said, when she had finished and refolded the letter, and then, inconsistently enough with her former anxiety, she drew a little sigh—a very faint sigh it was, and quite an unconscious one, but still sigh enough to draw one pair of dark eyes upon her. This pair of dark eyes belonged to John Manners, who was sitting near reading. Encountering them, Cecil flushed sudden scarlet, and bent over her glove-button with a faint expression of irritation.

"I have had a very pleasant visit, she said, not quite steadily, "and I have a great deal to thank you for, cousin Anne. Still I cannot help feeling relieved that all this business has come to an end."

She looked up from the glove-button, when she had finished speaking, and met the dark eyes with her usual quiet air of indifferent questioning, and then she turned to Fred Dacre again.

But the dashing Frederick was not in such a gay mood as usual. He had something to say to Miss Dacre this morning, and this sudden announcement had made it more necessary than ever that he should say it. Accordingly, when he found himself alone with her, he plunged into the subject with astonishing eloquence. If he had cared less for her he might have seen that, in spite of her smiles and her even voice, she was not quite ready to listen to him; but full of his fear of losing her, full of his hopes of being successful, he thought of nothing but of what he had been longing to say for weeks, and he spoke out boldly, like

a susceptible, honest young fellow, as he was.

Cecil was rather pale as she listened to poor Fred, and even when she answered him, her color did not rise again.

It was a very quiet answer which she gave him, and worded with a tender regard for his warmth and honesty than many women would have had the graceful power to show; but it was a bitter pill for all that.

"I do not love you," she said, in the end, with a touch of impetuosity. "I wish I did." But let us be friends for Laura's sake.

He did not ask her to try to love him, he was quick enough to know better than that, and generous enough not to force upon her the sharpness of his disappointment; but, for all that, he did not wear the brightest of faces when he assisted her from the carriage.

But he bore it like a man.

"It's all over, Laura," he said to his favorite confidante, the first time they were alone for a moment. "I have asked her to be my wife, and she said no; and though I don't pretend to be a particularly penetrating fellow, I think I may thank John Manners for it."

"Ah, Fred!" exclaimed Laura. "The ideal she hates him; at least, she doesn't like him."

"Did she tell you she hated him?" asked Fred quietly.

"Well—no," hesitated Laura. "But she never speaks of him when she can avoid it; and, besides, Fred, you know she—she wouldn't suit him."

"Wouldn't she?" said Fred, dryly. "Perhaps not; but at the same time, perhaps, that is a matter of opinion."

Poor affectionate Laura! The news that her air-castles had fallen to the dust was a terrible disappointment to her, and she reproached Cecil most pathetically.

"Oh, Cecil!" she broke out, as they sat alone together, later in evening. "Oh, Cecil! Why didn't you say yes to Fred? Do you love any one else?"

"No," said Cecil, sharply. "Of course not. You dear, silly child, what nonsense!"

But the next moment the rose-red faded white, swept away by the swift throbbing of the stung pride, which showed her so plainly that she had not spoken the truth, and that, in spite of herself, she had turned coward.

When the fact of Fred Dacre's rejection reached Miss Anne, she was more oratorical than over.

"Of course!" she proclaimed, with a sort of grim satisfaction, "nothing more than I expected. It is just like her."

As for John Manners, he only looked at the fair, proud face a thought more keenly than usual, and learning nothing from it, turned to his books again with a regretful sigh. Not his ideal, certainly, this haughty girl, and yet he had loved her very dearly.

So it went on from day to day with a terrible sense of humiliation in Cecil Dacre, and a growing impatience of herself, which it needed all the haughty intolerance, that was her greatest fault, to subdue. She had been bitter enough through this very intolerance against people who had criticized her before; but she had been terribly bitter against John Manners, and through this very intolerance she grew as utterly wretched as it is possible for a girl of twenty to be.

If she had been borne her enemy down with her calm eyes, and her calmer smiles, she might have felt even so small a victory some aggrandizement—but it was a drawn battle. John Manners never forgot himself for an instant. He kept to the library a little more closely, and, perhaps, grave shadows settled upon his face; still I think it possible that he might have lived a hundred years, and made no other sign in her presence. He was not a sentimental lover, he was a man with a strong will, and Cecil Dacre had trampled upon his pride; so it was that when they had spent their last quiet evening in the comfortable parlor, and she rose to retire, he took her proffered hand with a calm face.

"Our last night," she said, raising her superb eyes with a half smile. "Good-night, Mr. Manners, and pleasant dreams."

But when she descended the next morning in her dainty traveling-dress, her easy composure was gone. It was not so easy to brave matters out when it came to the last moment; and when John Manners bade her good-by before returning to his study, she turned a shade paler, and faltered a little.

"Thank you!" she said, in brief reply to his courteous wishes for her safe journey. And then she turned to the window and stood there until the door had closed behind him.

She stood there very quietly when he was gone, drawing one glove on, the

wood-rose color fluttering on her cheeks, a curious, desperate steadiness in her eyes. She was standing there when at last Miss Anne entered, and she turned to that lady, fastening a button at her wrist.

"I have lost one of my gloves, I think," she said. "Have you seen it, cousin Anne?"

"Gracious!" exclaimed Miss Manners. "I met John in the hall with a glove in his hand. I suppose he picked it up somewhere. Men are so careless. I will go and get it."

"No," said Cecil, quickly. "I won't trouble you; let me go." And before Miss Anne had time to speak, she was gone.

It was the last touch of weakness in her heart, and she could not restrain it. She wanted to see him once again, only for a moment—she was coward enough for that.

The library was very quiet when she opened the door. There was a bright fire burning in the grate, and a luxurious arm chair was drawn up to it, but John Manners had not seated himself. He was standing upon the hearth-rug, resting an arm on the mantelpiece, and looking sadly down at something he held in his hand. The preoccupied expression of his face, and the tender pain that showed itself, made Cecil hesitate one moment. What was he pondering over? What was it that had the power to touch him so unwontedly?

It was a glove—a little glove of gray kid, with tassels of silk, and buttons of pearl; it was the glove she had come to find; and even as she paused, he raised it to his lips, and kissed it softly, as he might have kissed something he had loved and lost.

But for that kiss, her pride might have held her to her old resolve, but the tender sadness in his eyes, and the tender, adoring, touched her to the quick. It had been hard enough to go away silent before, but it was harder now—it was so hard now that it was impossible, and the next moment she was standing before him, conquered wholly, and with great, sudden tears in her eyes.

"I came in quietly, and you did not hear me," she explained, impetuously. "I came for my glove, and I saw you kiss it. Did you kiss it because, after all, you are still generous enough to care for me? Only answer yes or no."

He looked into her proud, brimming eyes. He saw the truth there.

"Yes," he said. The tears that had been in her eyes all upon her cheeks, and slipped away to the tears of a child.

"I have no right to expect your pardon," she began, with a certain proud humility, and then, under the latent power of his kindling eyes, she looked at him, flashing to her forehead, and she broke down, and held out both delicate hands, with a little hesitating smile, touched with her all-ruling pride. Only one instant and he had drawn her against his breast, and so drawn nearer and nearer.

"You have no need to ask it," he said, ending over her. "You have only need answer me one question. This little love, must I keep it, or restore it to its owner?"

"You must keep it," she whispered, and then was drawn close in his strong, imperious, folding arms. She did not go back to New York that day, you may be sure—she did not go back at all to stay, and Laura did not see her friend.

But the idea, Cecil, said the frank the simpleton, when one day, a few months after, she was hanging over Mrs. Manners' chair, for the better purpose of petting her. "I always thought I didn't like Mr. Manners. I never dreamed you would marry him, of all people in the world."

Mrs. John raised her lovely, eyes from the embroidery she held in her fair hands, and looked across at her husband with a very charming flush, and an equally charming little laugh.

Neither did I, my dear," she said, to Laura. "I married him in spite of myself."

COMMERCIAL.

Wednesday, Jan. 11-11:30 A. M.

Stock Operations have been restricted by small supply of desirable cottons offering. The firmness of holders, many of whom are a fraction higher. Sales thus far about 100 bales at full prices, but showing no quotable change.

Yesterday's business reached 10,350 bales, the most closing at 11,011 1/2 for Low Ordinary, 11,212 1/2 for Ordinary, 13,012 1/2 for Good Ordinary, 13,014 1/2 for Low Middling, 14,014 1/2 for Middling, and 15,015 1/2 for Strict middling.

EDITORIAL.

ELECTION OF U. S. SENATOR.

Tuesday last the election of a U. S. Senator took place in the Hall of Legislature. In the House of Representatives the following nominations were made. J. R. West, P. R. S. Pinchback, M. Hahn, P. J. Kennedy, T. G. Davidson, W. F. Blackman. On the first call of the roll, the vote stood, West 43, Pinchback 31, T. G. Davidson 20, and a few scattering. A democratic member moved to change his vote from Davidson to West, and immediately perceiving that the Democrats were going over that way, there was a stampede of several colored voters in the same direction, the confusion becoming so great that it was with difficulty the speaker could get the change in "one at a time." After half an hour thus spent, in which the total Democratic vote (except one who changed from Davidson to Pinchback), went over to Genl. West, the result stood West 68, Pinchback 24, Hahn 3, Davidson 1, Kennedy 2, Blackman 2, Total, 100, necessary to a choice 51. The speaker then ordered the clerk to inform the Senate of the result, and to invite them to meet in joint session Wednesday.

In the Senate four nominations were made. West, Pinchback, Davidson and Kennedy. Senators present 84, necessary to a choice 18. On the first call, the vote stood, West 19, Pinchback 7, Davidson 5, Kennedy 2, McMillen 1.

Genl. West was then announced by the President as elected to the U. S. Senate; and thus concluded the most important and significant act of the General Assembly of this State at this critical period of our political career. A subject to which we shall recur at length at another time.

"Kill the nigger." This time it is from Brashear City that the cry comes. A colored man is arrested, almost a certainty, without any authority whatever, grows restive and tries to escape and immediately "kill the nigger" is uttered and sure enough he falls dead. As it was only a "nigger" and killed by a white man no notice was to be taken of the matter. But the friends of the murdered man, thought differently and imitating the blood thirstiness of the hour, they in turn shot some unfortunate attaché of Noyes circus, for the murderer.

The real murderer, of course escaped. But some 8 or 9 Colored men were arrested and locked up on suspicion. As usual notorious threats were made by the circus company to kill the prisoners. "Some demonstration was made to that effect." The colored men arm themselves and rescue the prisoners, to save them from the butchery with which they were threatened by the indignant and blood thirsty associates of the dead dog dancer. This seems to be the gist of a lamentable affair, arising out of a wilful abuse of power. Probably we shall hear more of this matter, when it will be magnified into the stereotyped "Nigger Riot."

FOUR LAST DAYS IN NEW ORLEANS.—The Panorama of New York City exhibits at Lyceum Hall, only this week at 2 and 7 1/2 o'clock p. m., each day. Thousands of our citizens have visited it, and attest that it is well worth seeing. Call with your family and friends and beguile the tedium of the weary hour, by an imaginary "walking down Broadway," or any other place within the limits of vast New York. See advertisement in today's paper.

We were agreeably surprised yesterday morning to find on our table, the first number of the "Galveston Republican," published in Galveston, under the proprietor and editorship of Frank J. Webb Esq. We have the pleasure of personal acquaintance with Mr. Webb and "know whereof we affirm," when we say that he is in every respect worthy of the enviable position of prominence he is in; competent to strengthen and aid his struggling fellow citizens, to disseminate correct and useful information among them, to shape their opinions, and to guide them to those conclusions which are best calculated to promote the real and permanent prosperity and security of Nation, State, and Party. Although hardly passed our own noviciate here, as one of the fraternity, we yet most cordially stretch forth the "right hand of fellowship" to our worthy cotemporary and wish him all success.

The Republican of yesterday presents us with a biographical sketch of "our new Senator," which we will give our readers in our Sunday issue.

VETERAN CELEBRATION.

ENTERTAINMENT AND SPECTACLE AT ECONOMY HALL.

Sunday last, the fifty-fifth anniversary of the battle of New Orleans, was distinguished by the celebration of that memorable event, by "the Veterans" who yet remain. They met in the Mechanics' Institute, where it was advertised, that appropriate speeches would be made. But by some derangement of the programme, the gathering dispersed, and the veterans waited the arrival of the second militia Regiment under command of Col. Jas. Lewis. They soon came up and formed an escort for the venerable few, to Economy Hall. Arriving there a magnificent spread presented itself to view. The guests soon dropped in, and that Veteran, of the Veterans Jordan B. Noble, announced that all was ready, and there sat down nearly one hundred persons. It would perhaps be considered invidious to mention any names, of a crowd, where nearly all were prominent, but risking that penalty, we mention, Hons. O. J. Dunn, P. R. S. Pinchback, H. J. Campbell, A. C. Barber, C. C. Antoine, J. H. Ingraham, M. Carr, J. Sella Martin, Judge Hiestand, V. E. McCarthy, Col. J. Lewis, L. T. Delassie, E. Davis, R. M. J. Kenner, F. C. Antoine, H. C. Tournor, D. Young, Records Houghton and Stas.

As soon as the edibles were disposed of, Toasts became the order of the day, and there were drunk, in pretty rapid succession the following regular toasts. "The day we celebrate." "The United States." "The State of Louisiana." "The memory of Jackson and the brave men, officers and soldiers of the eight of January." "The Governor of the State of Louisiana." "The Lieutenant Governor of the State." "Equal rights to all men." After which several toasts, complimentary to the veterans and others, were drunk, and several appropriate and pointed speeches made by Judge Hiestand, Senators Campbell and Pinchback, J. Sella Martin, H. Toy, Col. Todd and one or two others.

There was a harmony providing the entire proceedings, which rendered it exceedingly pleasing to be there and every one present seemed to fully enjoy his participation in the celebration; and after nearly four hours of enjoyment the company dispersed.

We left that hall, with one feeling uppermost in our mind, as we gazed on the venerable forms of those veterans who having reached the allotted "three score years and ten" will not in all human probability, at the next return of the day be this side the grave, to celebrate it with their fellows, who may yet remain in "the fast thinning ranks."

SHREVEPORT FREEDMEN AND THEIR THRIFF.

It is gratifying to one's mind to receive acknowledgments of merit from unexpected quarters; and it is still more pleasing if the approbation is of conduct that is really praiseworthy. In November last, the National Savings Bank, established a branch in Shreveport. The people there, for whose especial benefit the Institution is inaugurated, so largely availed themselves of the advantage of laying up their little treasure, that the *Creditors* of Dec. 3, gives the following favorable notice of the matter.

"We learn that already over three thousand dollars have been deposited in the Freedmen's Savings Bank established in our city. When we take into consideration the scarcity of money, and that this Bank has been in operation only two weeks, it gives assurance of its future success."

The freedmen, just emerged from slavery, and having in former years masters whose duty and interest alike required them to provide for the wants of their slaves, are improvident from habit. The plan upon which these Banks are organized precludes the possibility of failure, provided the national credit is maintained, and those who manage them have the qualifications and integrity to conduct these institutions in conformity with the act of Congress authorizing their organization.

As we desire the happiness and prosperity of the African race, and hope they may become an educated and an independent people, through their industry and economy, we wish them all success in their efforts to devise ways and means by which they may save their hard earnings and get interest on the same. The first lesson to be learned in life, is the proper use of money, and the sooner the freedmen realize the fact that

their future success depends upon their own exertions, then and for then. Every man must be able to take care of himself, and to accomplish what he sets himself to do. He must restrain his passions, and exercise that self-control which is the distinguishing mark of a being.

MIXED.

The Pictorialists seek to startle the eyes by its recital of the white school, and cannot be under the provision which refuses to admit to the school. The "The" among the public will "divulge" anything, if it is new, and believe well alone. The Madison School on the admission essential respect, their excellence from the doctrines of the

STRAIGHT UNIVERSITY in the Chapel every evening at 10 p. m. In these cases race or condition Martin of Washington Sabbath.

The Pictorialists Gen. J. R. West new Senator claim. Or is it a whole man cause he comes a

GOVERNOR CL.

We have before Excellency Governor Legislature of Arkansas our inability to produce a document which "Daily Republican" marked ability, to the message ever before Kansas Legislature however, who above many others errors remarks of

THE AFFAIR.

The peculiar consisted when the went into effect the extensive application by law been of it. It was at the time mentioned the State a to disregard the Government, and the way of the end in some localities to persuade the people. It was a power that in these of local officers who of men who were to obstruct the law which they are and of no hindrance to their enforcement, State Government persecution without was, moreover, in order to give the permanent a fair trial to the far as possible, should be in with the State Government these extraordinary not been understood responsibility which and their performance with much labor. While I have given by making such desired, I have pointed a much larger number to comply in so doing localities. I have great extent to relieve of them. In every appointed any one greatly injured as acted upon the best I am aware that in worthy persons have been; but this course under the law, slip in. This in many persons a not of a political Legislature conferred made it a part of which I could not it is for you, Gent. I shall still persist in my political position. I am aware that in worthy persons have been; but this course under the law, slip in. This in many persons a not of a political Legislature conferred made it a part of which I could not it is for you, Gent. I shall still persist in my political position. I am aware that in worthy persons have been; but this course under the law, slip in. This in many persons a not of a political Legislature conferred made it a part of which I could not it is for you, Gent. I shall still persist in my political position.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

At an Election of Directors of the Metropolitan Loan, Savings and Pledge Bank, held on the twelfth instant, the following gentlemen were elected to serve as Directors for the ensuing year:
F. E. DUMAS. J. HASSINGER.
L. T. DELASSIZE. C. W. LOWELL.
W. H. PEMBERTON. G. CAMP.
THOMAS ISABELLE. GEO. H. BRAUGHN.
A. P. DUMAS.
JOHN DAWSON. Cashier.

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